Youths Division.

TALE AND HARVARD CREWS. The Great Annual Race Which Calls 30,000 People to New London, and Which Lasts but Twenty Minutes-The Men and Their Training.

(By Ralph D. Palne.) New Haven, May 31.—On June 30 the sixteenth annual four-mile race between the eight-oared crews of Yale and Harvard will be rowed over the Thames course at New London. To the average college man and the enthusiastic "college who swears by the dark blue or the crimson, this means a day of wild cheering and excitement, a bewildering multitude of people, flags, yachts, steamers and crowded "observation" cars, and two slender shells slipping down a long lane of yachts amid roar of

cannon and a bedlam of steam whistles. cannon and a bedlam of steam whistles.

To the sixteen men who lift these shells for four miles, with there whole souls in every heave, this race day means the end of six months of the hardest training in athletics, and either such glory as comes to few of us, or sorrow and humiliation that is bitter and hard to bear.

Thirty thousand people will journey to New London to see this contest that lasts but twenty minutes. Not one in a hundred could tell good rowing from bad, but there is a charm and an excitement



about a Yale-Harvard race and the race

In the autumn the captain gets his can-didates together and during the pleasant



that few men possess. This season exCaptain Hartwell has been with the crew
for two months.

At Cambridge matters have not run so
smoothly in past years. There has been
a lack of harmony among the coaches,
and no definite theory to follow. For the
last five years Harvard has been getting
nearer to the Yale stroke, and in '91
rowed it in better form than the crew from
New tiaven. Last year, although they had
the same coaches, and wonderfully fine
material, the men could not be gotten together or taught to put any life in their
work. This season Nelson Perkins, captain of the '91 crew, now in the medical
school, is doing most of the coaching,
and he will be assisted later in the season
by Harry H. Keyes, captain of the Harvard '88 crew, who handled the winning
crew two years are.

There will be little variation in the work
until the first two weeks of June, when
both crews move to New London and
their pleasant quarters on the Thames,
four miles up the river. Rowing then
becomes a very serious occupation. The
faculties send up tutors to hold the college caminations, which are over in the
first few days, and then the carsmen,
trained down to muscle and sinew now,
and burned black from the sommer sun,
esettle down to the last two weeks of the
season.

Harvard is quartered at their pleasant



DAVID VAIL, CAPTAIN HABVARD CREW.

getting, if possible, the time made in the practice pulls over the course. The stratagems resorted to for deceiving the enemy form an exciting feature of the last

few days.

Finally, the last practice pull has been taken, the crews are polished off as fine as good council and hard work can do it, the tired athletes have passed restlessly enough the last sultry night, and after the fearfully dragging wait of the forencon, the referse's whistle orders the crews to the start. From the boathouse where the crimson flies, an eight swings over to the start half a mile sway, suother from the



Loudon as substitute. He is six feet tall and rows at 165 pounds.

A. L. Van Huyck, '93, rowed No. 3 last year and will keep his old place. He is strong and pulls like a young engine, but he is so short that he has to stretch himself more than he should. His faults come from his lack of inches, which handicaps him. He is only five feet seven and a half inches tall and weighs 170 pounds.

Another short-backed man will row at No. 2.E. L. Messler, '94, a stocky Pittsburg man who has played substitute tackle on the eleven for two years, and had a year's experience on his class crew. He is a heavily muscled youth, and in strength a fit successor to the strong man of the college, Balliet. who strained the oar at No. 2 a year ago. Messler is short and moves stiffly, his rowing wanting ease and grace. He is slow, but will probably be coached into better shape. He is five feet eight inches tall, and tips the scales at 175 pounds.

The Columbian Liberty Bell committee will hold its first meeting in Independent in the more important objects. The money to pay the \$6,500 that the casting will cost is coming in at a good rate. A great share of it is in pennies contributed by school bidden.

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eight mones tan, and the large of the lusty freshman, F. A. Johnson, who was put in at bow by Bob Cook last year, was a wise selection. He throws his weight in the stroke and makes every the large way tell. He has several faults which he can be coached out of, and be has a year of valuable experience to help him. His weight is 160 pounds and height five feet ten inches, a good proportion for a bow oar.

The little coxymals a characteristic property of the little coxymals and the

proportion for a bow oar.

The little coxswain of the clarion voice who worked the tiller ropes last July over the Thames course will call the stroke again, as he has two more years in college. F. A. Olimsted is a levelheaded young man, and he pays for his passage by straight steering and great lung power. When he has worked off his superfluous conces he weighs 106 pounds. These are the men who will wear jerseys with a big blue Y on the chest. It is not so strong a crew physically as that of a year ago, and it is not so well together.

eight.

Rogers comes from a rowing family, opened. The interest is not confined to having had three brothers on Yale craws, one of them a captain. His only drawdently means to take a hand in the making back is lack of age and weight, which are of this second national bell. A scrapback is lack of age and weight, which are necessary for a four mile race. He rows in excellent form and makes up in "sand" book will be made, probably, containing what he lacks in strength, so that he may make the beat. If not, he will go to New Loudon as substitute. He is six feet tall and rows at 160 pounds.

A. I. Ver Hearly 100 containing the more important objects. The money



Secretary of the control of the cont

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near the bottom will be inscribed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Between these two inscriptions will be a third appropri-ate to the Columbian celebration.

THE SAILIN' MA'AR

bent down a couple of saplings for "ridy goes," sat me upon one and berself mounted the other. By springing ever so lightly with our toes on the ground they would "ake us quite a way in the air. We called i "riding." We went a great pace until meering voice said behind us:

"Who-ee; I reckon Kit "Il be goin" on all fours next ter please the providy.

The Story of My One Schoolday in Old Kentucky.

(By Martha McCulloch Williams.)

It was spent in a Kentucky old-field school, a square log building, where the twenty old scholars "got their lessons out loud," from the big boys who were manded.

"Who-ee; I reckon Kit'll be goin' on all fours next ter please the proglidy. Yistiday she sad nobodey but a tom boy would git on a ridy-go. Well, me and Patty s gon' ter ride the salin' ma'ar." 'You ain't. Patty shan't, 'Kit said decisively, jumping off her ridy-go. 'Come long Betsey baby, we'll go find all fours next ter please the proglidy. Yistiday she sad nobodey but a tom boy would git on a ridy-go. Well, me and Patty s gon' ter ride the salin' ma'ar.'

"You ain't. Patty shan't, 'Kit said decisively, jumping off her ridy-go."

"Come long Betsey baby, we'll go find "Who-ee; I reckon Kit'll be goin' on all fours next ter please the proglidy."



Joe Ware got an ar below we have assessed as schoolhouse.

This performance broke up my schooling for all time. Safe in mother's arms that night I pleaded; "Please don't send me to school. I had rather be dead like Patty was than go any more."

"You shall study at home with me," mother said.

mother said.

And that is how I have come to gray hairs with this one eventful schoolday.

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Every Testimoniai
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would git on a ridy-go. Well, me and Patty's gon' ter ride the sallin' ma'ar.'

"You ain't. Patty shan't,'' Kit said decisively, jumping off her ridy-go.

"Come long Estsey baby, we'll go find Patty before she breaks her neck.'

"What is a sailin' ma'ar?'' I demanded.

Reny laughed disagreeably, saying over her shoulder as she went up the path, "Better watch out, Kit, the young 'un 'll be on it too.''

Ballard's Spow Flame.